



Growing Up

Springboard:

Students should study the ‘To Kill a Mockingbird’ plot summary and answer the question.

(Answers will vary. Given the limited information a student could justify the guilty verdict, the hypocrisy of Scout’s teacher, or the attack at the end of the novel as turning points for Scout.)

Objective: The student will be able to describe the elements of coming of age stories.

Materials: To Kill a Mockingbird (Springboard - SSL page 34)
The Sniper (SSL pages 35-37)
Coming of Age Storyboard (SSL page 38)

Terms to know: **parapet** - a low protective wall
civil war - fighting between people of the same country

Procedure:

- While reviewing the Springboard, explain that To Kill a Mockingbird is one of the most famous and widely-read novels in American history. One of the major themes of the novel is the “coming of age” of the main character Scout Finch.
- Direct the class to “The Sniper.” Explain that this story takes place in Dublin, Ireland at a time when a terrible civil war raged. Have the student(s) read the story and answer the questions independently or in groups.
- Then have them share their answers and compare/contrast the reading with the Springboard story. *(Answers to the first question will vary. The second question should reflect an understanding that a traumatic event, a war, had forced the young sniper to grow up quickly. The killing of his brother at the end of the story would likely harden him even more. Comparisons and contrasts will vary.)*
- Then refer to the “Coming of Age Storyboard.” Explain that an outline such as the one in the Springboard is just one way that an author can “map out” his or her story. Go on to explain that the student(s) will map out their own coming of age story using another approach, a storyboard format. The student(s) should work individually or in groups to complete the assignment. **NOTE:** The storyboard assignment can be as simple or involved as desired, either to be finished in class or assigned for homework or a project.
- Have the student(s) share their storyboards and evaluate their work using the rubric provided.

TO KILL A MOCKINGBIRD

A PLOT SUMMARY



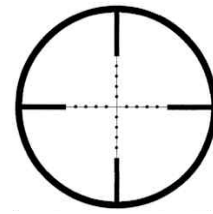
- I. 1933-1934
 - A. School starts (1st grade)
 - 1. Scout doesn't get along with her teacher Miss Caroline
 - 2. Boo Radley, the reclusive and strange neighbor, leaves gifts for Scout and her brother Jem
 - 3. Scout and Jem play the Boo Radley game, acting crazy, performing his mysterious history, and trying to spy on him
 - B. Tom Robinson
 - 1. A black field hand
 - 2. Arrested for raping the 19-year-old daughter of the town drunk Bob Ewell
 - a. Atticus (Scout's father) agrees to defend him in court
 - b. Townspeople are angry at Atticus for defending a black man and Scout defends her father by fighting
- II. 1935
 - A. The lynch mob
 - 1. Group of men arrive at the courthouse to kill Tom
 - 2. Scout intervenes and unwittingly saves him when one of the men is shamed by her politeness
 - B. The trial
 - 1. Atticus proves that Tom has been wrongly accused
 - 2. Scout and Jem hide in the balcony to watch the trial
 - 3. Jury finds Tom guilty
 - C. After the trial
 - 1. Tom is shot 17 times when he attempts to escape prison
 - 2. Bob Ewell harasses and threatens Atticus, Tom's wife and the judge
 - 3. Scout questions the hypocrisy of her new teacher
 - 4. Jem never wants to speak of the trial again
 - 5. The school pageant
 - a. Bob attacks Scout and Jem on their way home
 - b. Boo Radley arrives and saves the children

At what point in the story do you think Scout “grew up,” losing her childlike innocence? Explain your ideas.



The Sniper

By Liam O'Flaherty



The long June twilight faded into night. Dublin lay enveloped in darkness but for the dim light of the moon that shone through fleecy clouds, casting a pale light as of approaching dawn over the streets and the dark waters of the Liffey. Around the beleaguered Four Courts, the heavy guns roared. Here and there through the city, machine guns and rifles broke the silence of the night, spasmodically, like dogs barking on lone farms. Republicans and Free Staters were waging civil war.

On a rooftop near O'Connell Bridge, a Republican sniper lay watching. Beside him lay his rifle and over his shoulders was slung a pair of field glasses. His face was the face of a student, thin and ascetic, but his eyes had the cold gleam of the fanatic. They were deep and thoughtful, the eyes of a man who is used to looking at death.

He was eating a sandwich hungrily. He had eaten nothing since morning. He had been too excited to eat. He finished the sandwich, and, taking a flask of whiskey from his pocket, he took a short draught. Then he returned the flask to his pocket. He paused for a moment, considering whether he should risk a smoke. It was dangerous. The flash might be seen in the darkness, and there were enemies watching. He decided to take the risk.

Placing a cigarette between his lips, he struck a match, inhaled the smoke hurriedly and put out the light. Almost immediately, a bullet flattened itself against the parapet of the roof. The sniper took another whiff and put out the cigarette. Then he swore softly and crawled away to the left.

Cautiously he raised himself and peered over the parapet. There was a flash and a bullet whizzed over his head. He dropped immediately. He had seen the flash. It came from the opposite side of the street.

He rolled over the roof to a chimney stack in the rear, and slowly drew himself up behind it until his eyes were level with the top of the parapet. There was nothing to be seen – just the dim outline of the opposite housetop against the blue sky. His enemy was under cover.

Just then an armored car came across the bridge and advanced slowly up the street. It stopped on the opposite side of the street, fifty yards ahead. The sniper could hear the dull panting of the motor. His heart beat faster. It was an enemy car. He wanted to fire, but he knew it was useless. His bullets would never pierce the steel that covered the gray monster.

Then round the corner of a side street came an old woman, her head covered by a tattered shawl. She began to talk to the man in the turret of the car. She was pointing to the roof where the sniper lay. An informer.

The turret opened. A man's head and shoulders appeared, looking toward the sniper. The sniper raised his rifle and fired. The head fell heavily on the turret wall. The woman darted toward the side street. The sniper fired again. The woman whirled round and fell with a shriek into the gutter.

Suddenly from the opposite roof a shot rang out and the sniper dropped his rifle with a curse. The rifle clattered to the roof. The sniper thought the noise would wake the dead. He stooped to pick the rifle up. He couldn't lift it. His forearm was dead. "I'm hit," he muttered.

Dropping flat onto the roof, he crawled back to the parapet. With his left hand he felt the injured right forearm. The blood was oozing through the sleeve of his coat. There was no pain – just a deadened sensation as if the arm had been cut off.

Quickly he drew his knife from his pocket, opened it on the breastwork of the parapet, and ripped open the sleeve. There was a small hole where the bullet had entered. On the other side there was no hole. The bullet had lodged in the bone. It must have fractured it. He bent the arm below the wound. The arm bent back easily. He ground his teeth to overcome the pain.

Then taking out his field dressing, he ripped open the packet with his knife. He broke the neck of the iodine bottle and let the bitter fluid drip into the wound. A paroxysm of pain swept through him. He placed the cotton wadding over the wound and wrapped the dressing over it. He tied the ends with his teeth.

Then he lay still against the parapet and, closing his eyes, he made an effort of will to overcome the pain.

In the street beneath, all was still. The armored car had retired speedily over the bridge with the machine gunner's head hanging lifeless over the turret. The woman's corpse lay still in the gutter.

The sniper lay still for a long time nursing his wounded arm and planning escape. Morning must not find him wounded on the roof. The enemy on the opposite roof covered his escape. He must kill that enemy and he could not use his rifle. He had only a revolver to do it. Then he thought of a plan.

Taking off his cap, he placed it over the muzzle of his rifle. Then he pushed the rifle slowly upward over the parapet, until the cap was visible from the opposite side of the street. Almost immediately there was a report, and a bullet pierced the center of the cap. The sniper slanted the rifle forward. The cap clipped down into the street. Then catching the rifle in the middle, the sniper dropped his left hand over the roof and let it hang, lifelessly. After a few moments he let the rifle drop to the street. Then he sank to the roof, dragging his hand with him.

Crawling quickly to his feet, he peered up at the corner of the roof. His ruse had succeeded. The other sniper, seeing the cap and rifle fall, thought that he had killed his man. He was now standing before a row of chimney pots, looking across with his head clearly silhouetted against the western sky.

The Republican sniper smiled and lifted his revolver above the edge of the parapet. The distance was about fifty yards – a hard shot in the dim light, and his right arm was paining him like a thousand devils. He took a steady aim. His hand trembled with eagerness. Pressing his lips together, he took a deep breath through his nostrils and fired. He was almost deafened with the report and his arm shook with the recoil.

Then when the smoke cleared, he peered across and uttered a cry of joy. His enemy had been hit. He was reeling over the parapet in his death agony. He struggled to keep his feet, but he was slowly falling forward as if in a dream. The rifle fell from his grasp, hit the parapet, fell over, bounded off the pole of a barber's shop beneath and then clattered on the pavement.

Then the dying man on the roof crumpled up and fell forward. The body turned over and over in space and hit the ground with a dull thud. Then it lay still.

The sniper looked at his enemy falling and he shuddered. The lust of battle died in him. He became bitten by remorse. The sweat stood out in beads on his

forehead. Weakened by his wound and the long summer day of fasting and watching on the roof, he revolted from the sight of the shattered mass of his dead enemy. His teeth chattered, he began to gibber to himself, cursing the war, cursing himself, cursing everybody.

He looked at the smoking revolver in his hand, and with an oath he hurled it to the roof at his feet. The revolver went off with a concussion and the bullet whizzed past the sniper's head. He was frightened back to his senses by the shock. His nerves steadied. The cloud of fear scattered from his mind and he laughed.

Taking the whiskey flask from his pocket, he emptied it a draught. He felt reckless under the influence of the spirit. He decided to leave the roof now and look for his company commander to report. Everywhere around was quiet. There was not much danger in going through the streets. He picked up his revolver and put it in his pocket. Then he crawled down through the skylight to the house underneath.

When the sniper reached the laneway on the street level, he felt a sudden curiosity as to the identity of the enemy sniper whom he had killed. He decided that he was a good shot, whoever he was. He wondered did he know him. Perhaps he had been in his own company before the split in the army. He decided to risk going over to have a look at him. He peered around the corner into O'Connell Street. In the upper part of the street there was heavy firing, but around here all was quiet.

The sniper darted across the street. A machine gun tore up the ground around him with a hail of bullets, but he escaped. He threw himself face downward beside the corpse. The machine gun stopped.

Then the sniper turned over the dead body and looked into his brother's face.

What do you think the sniper was like prior to the civil war? _____

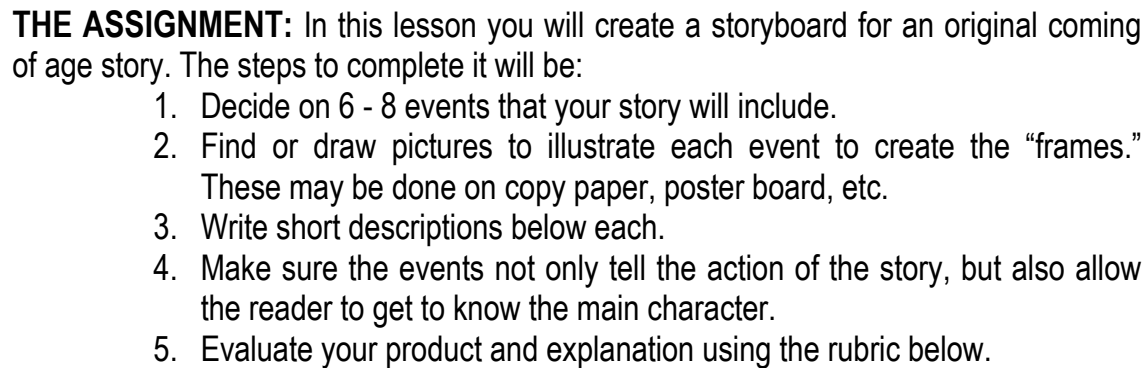
Why could this be considered a coming of age story? Explain your ideas. _____

WHAT IS A STORYBOARD?

A storyboard is a visual display of events. Storyboards are used to plan the order of events in movies, cartoons, and even home videos. The main events are drawn in “frames” or boxes much like a comic strip. Each frame shows the people, places, and key points to be made. Under each is a short written description of each event and notes may be included telling how they flow together.

The storyboard is titled "Name: NATIVE ROOTS" and "Sheet Number: 3". It contains 15 frames arranged in a 3x5 grid. Each frame has a drawing and a caption below it:

- Frame 1: Drawing of a person in a canoe. Caption: "FIRST MEETING"
- Frame 2: Drawing of two people. Caption: "BARK MEETING"
- Frame 3: Drawing of a person in a canoe. Caption: "FIRST MEETING"
- Frame 4: Drawing of a person in a canoe. Caption: "COMING UP"
- Frame 5: Drawing of a person in a canoe. Caption: "BARK MEETING"
- Frame 6: Drawing of a person in a canoe. Caption: "BARK MEETING"
- Frame 7: Drawing of a person in a canoe. Caption: "COMING UP"
- Frame 8: Drawing of a person in a canoe. Caption: "COMING UP"
- Frame 9: Drawing of a person in a canoe. Caption: "BARK MEETING"
- Frame 10: Drawing of a person in a canoe. Caption: "COMING UP"
- Frame 11: Drawing of a person in a canoe. Caption: "COMING UP"
- Frame 12: Drawing of a person in a canoe. Caption: "COMING UP"
- Frame 13: Drawing of a person in a canoe. Caption: "COMING UP"
- Frame 14: Drawing of a person in a canoe. Caption: "COMING UP"
- Frame 15: Drawing of a person in a canoe. Caption: "COMING UP"



4 - Excellent 3 - Good 2 - Fair 1 - Poor 0 - Unacceptable


GRADE:

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This is one InspirEd lesson from “I Think: Reading & Writing – Literary Themes.”
Below is the Table of Contents for the entire unit, which is available for purchase at
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I Think: Reading & Writing - Literary Themes

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